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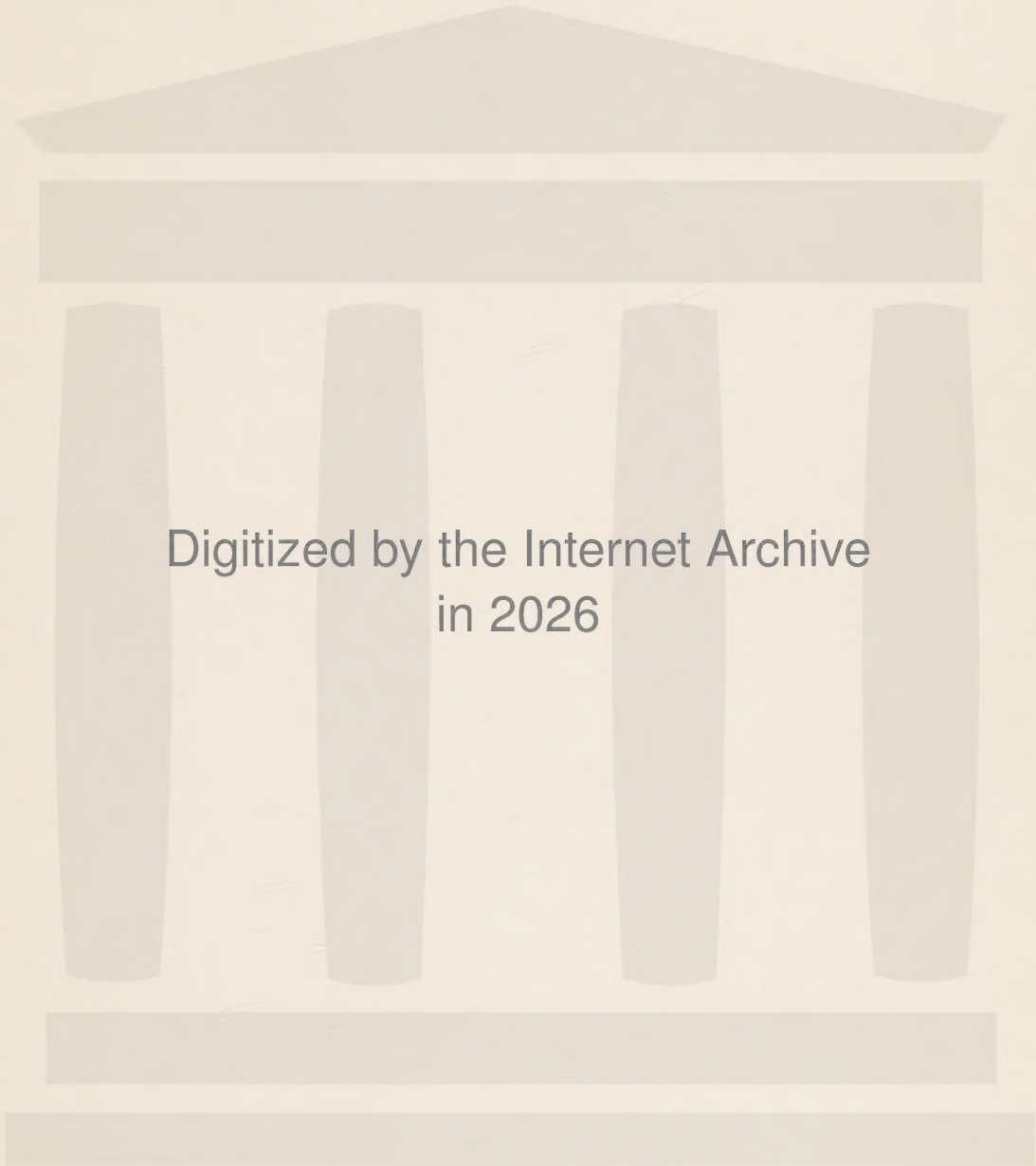
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THOMAS ROWLANDSON

HIS DRAWINGS AND WATER-COLOURS

THOMAS ROWLANDSON

HIS DRAWINGS AND WATER-COLOURS

BY A. P. OPPÉ

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CONTENTS

Page

Introduction 1

ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOURS. Plate

Horse Fair at Southampton 4
Spring Gardens (The Entrance to the Mall) . . 10
The Reception of a New Member in the Society of Antiquarians 14
The French Review. (Detail) 17
The English Review. (R.A. 1786) 19
Portrait of a Lady 22
Almsgiving 30
The Assembly Room, Bath 35
Disembarkation of the Royalists of Toulon at Southampton, 1794 41
Woolpack Inn, Hungerford. 1796 51
The Gardener's Offering 61
Cub-Hunting 69
Greenwich 77
Bull-Baiting 81
Execution at Newgate 86
Round Dance 91

ILLUSTRATIONS IN MONOTONE

School of Eloquence. Pen Drawing. (Engraved 1780). 1
Chaise at the Door—Tour to the Royal George, 1782 . 2
Lymington—Tour to the Royal George, 1782 . . 3
Vauxhall Gardens. Engraved by R. Pollard. Aquatint by F. Jukes, 1785 5
Cock Tavern. Pen and Wash 6
The enraged Husband 7
Bookseller and Author. By Thos. Rowlandson and H. Wigstead. (Engraved 1784) 8
Skating on the Serpentine. 1786 9
Naval Veterans 11
Coalbrookdale. Monochrome 12

Barclay's Walk 13
Sion House Gates 15
The Review 16
The French Review 18
George Morland 20
A Waterfall 21
Butcher's Shop 23
Smoking a French Buck. 1787 24
Near Camelford 25
Prize-Fight. Pen and Wash 26
The Road thro' the Wood 27
The Mouth of a River (perhaps Chepstow) . . . 28
The Pursuit. (Engraved 1791) 29
Fille de Chambre. Pen and Wash 31
Mr. H. Angelo's Fencing Academy. Aquatint by Rosenberg. 1791 32
View of the Market Place at Juliers in Westphalia. 1791 33
Travelling in Holland 34
Woolwashers 36
The Declaration 37
The Storm. Pen and Wash 38
Horses 39
The Hunt Supper 40
Travellers at the Door of a Mansion 42
A Sedan-Chair Mishap 43
Death in the Bowl 44
Distress. (Engraved) 45
Tintern 46
The Pump Room, Bath. (Engraved 1798) 47
Mother and Child 48
Sunday Morning. 1798 49
The Life-School at the Academy. (Engraved with variations, 1825) 50
The "Exhibition Stare-case." (Engraved about 1800) 52
The Drawing Room 53

Apollo and the Muses 54
Landscape with Bridge. 55
Buck's Beauty and Rowlandson's Connoisseur. (Engraved 1800) 56
Funeral 57
The Sculptor (Nollekens). (Engraved about 1800) . 58
Broadway 59
Love in a Village. 1800 60
Lord Howe's Victory. The French Prizes brought into Portsmouth Harbour 62
The Cats' Concert, or a Counsellor and his Cats . . 63
Hampton Court 64
Bear and Bear Leader 65
Downland 66
Cardiff 67
Purchases at a Convent. (Engraved with considerable variations as "Pastime in Portugal," 1811) . . 68
The Property Tax. 70
George III returning from Hunting through Eton . 71
Madame Catalani's Mouth at full stretch . . . 72
Prisoners on board a Man o' War 73
Hotel de Flandre 74
The Breedwell Family. (Engraved 1807) . . . 75
A Soldier's Tale. 1806 76
The Tables turned. (Engraved 1809) . . . 78
The Portrait-Painter's Anteroom, 1809. (Engraved for 'Johnny Quaegenus,' 1822) 79
The Woolpack Inn 80
Ewenny Priory, Glamorganshire 82
Gaming House 83
Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. 84
Chamber of Genius. (Engraved 1812) . . . 85
Richmond Terrace 87
After the Duel 88
Fairlop Fair, Essex. 1816 89
Cliffs 90

The ' Exeter Fly ' at Honiton 92
A Meeting of the Members of the Jockey Club at Newmarket. (Engraved 1811) 93
New Shoes 94
Rural Sports. (Doctor Syntax) 95
Death and the Fortune-teller. Copy by Miss Howitt 96

I.

IF little is recorded of the facts of Rowlandson's life, the reason is, no doubt, that so long as they were readily ascertainable they were either too well known or too little worth knowing. He was anything but an obscure or unappreciated artist. On the contrary the laughter with which his drawings are immediately greeted to-day is but a faint echo of their reception in his own time. From the inscriptions on the prints and from the advertisements of his illustrations, it is evident that his name was a household word. But his was not a character to find a place in contemporary records. If in his lifetime men asked what kind of person it was who produced these prints and drawings, the answer was not history. Probably in his day and for his sake the less they inquired the better.

The obituary notice which gives us the only connected account of his life records that he was born in July, 1756, the son of a well-to-do tradesman in the Old Jewry, who sent him to a good school in Soho Square. Thence he proceeded to the newly opened Academy Schools, but in his sixteenth year (1771-2) he went to Paris, where he spent two years at one of the drawing academies. On his return to London he again studied at the Academy and attracted notice by the excellence of his drawings from the nude, which were regarded as rivalling those of the admired Mortimer. At the Academy he began a lifelong friendship with Bannister, the actor, then a fellow-student. Before he became of age his father lost his money, and Rowlandson was forced to support himself. Not entirely, however, for a French aunt, the wife of another Thomas Rowlandson, kept him amply supplied with funds till, dying, she left him her whole fortune, which he at once dissipated, as he had done, or was to do, with other considerable legacies, in gambling in fashionable company in London and Paris. To her indulgence the biographer attributes the careless habits for which he was remarkable throughout his

life and which led him to disregard his reputation and to decline in the excellence of his work. Yet, though a gambler, he was invariably honest and always paid his debts by the labours of his pencil, and he was saved from his own idleness by Ackermann, the publisher, who supplied him with subjects for many years. He died after two years of illness on April 22nd, 1827, aged nearly 71.

Some more information is given by two friends, Pyne and Angelo. Pyne, not unnaturally since he was writing during Rowlandson's lifetime, does little more than mention him as a well-known character, prolific in his invention of whimsical drawings and prints, among the queer rough world of artists and connoisseurs in the early 'twenties. He shows him in his attic in the Adelphi, visited by Nixon, the factor and amateur draughtsman, and inexhaustibly producing drawings which were greedily seized by his wealthy friend, Mitchell, the banker. Angelo, the fencing master and link between the world of artists and the loose circle of fashion under the Prince Regent, is more detailed. He adds something to the circle of Rowlandson's acquaintances, mentions too briefly associations with J. R. Smith, Morland, Gillray and other artists, and tells about his own and other collections of Rowlandson's drawings and of his journeys in England and to France, Germany and the Low Countries in the company of himself, Bannister, Mitchell and others. He tells, too, of Samuel Howitt, who married Rowlandson's sister, and from an amateur became a professional painter. He mentions, perhaps quite casually, perhaps pregnantly, Rowlandson's twelfth glass of punch at Mitchell's and his being overcome by drink on an excursion down the river. It is very significant that while in his main account he draws very freely from the obituary notice, he says nothing at all about the legacies or the gambling in fashionable company. On the contrary, though Rowlandson is mentioned as taking part in a Gargantuan banquet at the house of Weltjé, the ex-*chef* to Royalty, he never figures in any of the more exalted assemblages with

which the greater part of the *Reminiscences* is concerned. Curiously, in the earlier volume, where Angelo makes most use of the obituary notice, he says nothing about Rowlandson's studies in Paris, but, though he says that he met him there on a visit in 1775, he claims that they had already been inseparable companions as boys, together with Bannister, when all were devoted to drawing. In the later volume he says that they first met in Paris, while Rowlandson was studying there.

The only other source of information hitherto available is in the entries in exhibition catalogues. Rowlandson first appears at the Academy in 1775 with a drawing called *Dalilah payeth Samson a visit while in prison at Gaza*. In 1777 there was another drawing, undescribed, and in 1780 a landscape with figures which from its position in the ante-room was also probably a drawing. In 1778, 1779 and 1781 he exhibited portraits. After 1781 there comes a gap till 1783, when the *Place des Victoires* and three other stained drawings were exhibited with the Society of Artists. Next year he returned to the Academy, no doubt because the other exhibition was closed for a period of ten years, and in that year, 1786 and 1787 he exhibited several of his most important drawings. In 1787, for no apparent reason, the exhibits cease for ever. This was not due to any change in Rowlandson's output, for he continued to produce prints and drawings of precisely the same character. Nor was it apparently due to a change in the Academy's attitude towards his type of work, for the similar drawings of his friends, Wigstead and Nixon, not to mention Bunbury and Woodward, continued to be accepted precisely as before.

Misled by these entries and embroidering upon the tradition, Grego and those following him have constructed far too cheap and easy a picture of Rowlandson's career. They make him out to have begun as a promising portrait painter, but led astray by the success of his Academy exhibits of 1784 to have deserted serious art for light caricature, ending with cheap

prints and careless drawings. They did not notice that the portraits of 1781 were hung among the miniatures, while those of 1778 and 1779 are described as "small whole lengths." Certainly the former, and most probably the latter, were drawings like his other exhibits before and after. Moreover, both the obituary notice and Angelo following it, while dwelling upon the decline in his standard and lamenting the talents which, as they thought, he threw away, explicitly describe even his better work as slight. As such the former tells "on indubitable authority," no doubt that of the artist himself, that they gained the praise of Reynolds and West, while precisely such drawings as are known to us found places in the chief collections. It is not without meaning that he is spoken of as rivalling Mortimer, for that artist, who was not his contemporary at the Academy, as is generally said, but was sixteen years his senior, was far more noted for his drawings than for his paintings. The brilliance of his art and personality may well have been the most potent influence in Rowlandson's youth, and, in fact, certain of their drawings have much in common. Nor, if the paintings in oil which are current are from his hand, are they independent or early works, but versions of his most popular and important subjects, and in no way inconsistent with the profession of draughtsman-etcher which at that date had the encouragement, in England as in France, of influential connoisseurship in both branches of art.

Again, though there is no doubt that those who knew him intended to convey the impression that Rowlandson was careless and even disreputable and that these characteristics continued into old age, the impression must not be exaggerated. Too content with it, no one seems ever to have taken the easy trouble to see whether he made a will. But he did; drawing it up with all solemnity in 1818, revoking all former wills, and having it witnessed by no less respectable a personage than the head of his bank, Mitchell's partner, Hodsoll. In it he left everything to Miss Betsy Winter, of West Wycomb, spinster,

no doubt his housekeeper, as she is described as "now residing with me." Further, probate was obtained by the lady a few days after his death on an amount "under £3,000." This may not be a fortune, but it is nearly half the sum which the biographer mentions with awe as having been left to Rowlandson by his aunt, and it is very considerably more than most of the artists of that day can have managed to leave behind them. The old man in the attic was no doubt disreputable and careless, but it looks as though something less sympathetic than honesty in paying gambling debts was the cause of his dishonesty as a craftsman, at any rate in later life.

The work itself fully bears out the character of capriciousness or worse which is given to the artist by tradition. But the defects are neither consistent nor cumulative. There is bad work at every period; the best perhaps, certainly the most serious, in the middle of his career, but with certain excellences actually increasing almost to the end. Even to the very end there were, at least, bursts of industry and perhaps intensified seriousness, but whether these were, then or at any time, a symptom of sobriety or the reverse it would be impossible to say. Beyond this, the work throws little detailed light on the biography of the man. The prints are the only safe guide, for they are mostly dated, "as the law directs"; but in the earlier period many are Rowlandson's only by surmise, and at all times there were so many reprints and piracies that the date of first issue is by no means easy to ascertain. The list in Grego's book is admittedly most incomplete and misleading, but it would need a lifetime fully to correct and amplify. With the myriads of drawings, the difficulties are much greater. When there is a print of the same subject, the drawing may be anterior by years, or it may be a repetition dating from long after. Often, of course, both dates and inscriptions on the drawings are, like the signatures, forgeries. But even when they are genuine and cannot be disregarded, they are most unreliable. They constantly conflict both with topography and history and, worse still, I have

seen obviously authentic dates which are ten years earlier than the watermark in the paper. Sometimes both may have been jokes or deliberate misstatements for the purposes of sale, sometimes the date may be that of the original sketch and not of the actual drawing; but the most charitable and probable explanation is that both were jotted down by Rowlandson himself at the end of his life when his memory was failing.

With such a character and such material, anything in the nature of a close analysis of Rowlandson's art must be hazardous and extremely difficult. Nor has it ever been attempted. But the reproduction for the first time of a series of drawings adequately representing the enormous range and variety of his work calls for, while it makes possible, some survey of, and discrimination between, the different phases of his art at different times.

II.

About the year 1780 Rowlandson emerges clearly as the master of an individual style in drawing and etching social subjects. Vigorous, ornate, emphatic and brilliant, the style was no slapdash corruption of commonplace excellence used for an unworthy and cheap object, but a careful and cultivated instrument admirably suited for reflecting, as had come into fashion in England from the Continent, the ideas and habits of a consciously picturesque and somewhat luxurious age. If it was a trifle heavy and inelastic in more elaborate works, the fault was not out of keeping with the rhetorical spirit of the time, at any rate in England. With this style of drawing and class of subject the line of demarcation between seriousness and humour is naturally almost imperceptible. Angelo could describe Rowlandson's *Vauxhall Gardens* of 1784 (Plate 5) as the "*chef d'œuvre* of his caricatures," but to us it is no caricature at all. The subject is merely one of the fashionable assemblages which were familiar in Venetian picture or French print and had long ago been introduced to

England by foreign draughtsmen. Rowlandson concentrates on the character of the individual figures or groups and emphasises it with even less distortion than his predecessors. No one could have taken offence at his or her portrait in the drawing; no one is ridiculed; indeed, if anything, the principal personages have their features softened, and somewhat lost in the splendour of their dress. If the caricaturist peeps out in the accessory groups, he has the fullest authority from tradition which had always allowed the common herd, even in historical or religious scenes, to be treated with levity or, indeed, grossness.

He is still more indistinguishable in spirit from the group of his friends and contemporaries in his drawings of the pretty woman of the day. Some of these are no doubt taken from the life, and like the similar picture of male elegance, the *George Morland* (Plate 20), may give an idea of his exhibited portraits. Most, however, are mere embodiments of grace and charm presented, either singly or in pairs, for their own sake and that of their ribbons and their hats, precisely like those of J. R. Smith, whose *Thoughts on Matrimony* Rowlandson could even translate into his own manner of drawing and then proceed to reduplicate. Sometimes the lady of fashion inspires a group of charming figures, as in the *Opera Boxes,* at others she is the essential element in a more or less suggestive composition, or with a husband or lover as a foil she enters into a scene of social comedy. In the *Enraged Husband* (Plate 7), of which there is a weaker version in the British Museum, with a companion, the *Extravagant Wife,* she plays her part at least as successfully as the man. But neither can be said to be dramatic or well characterised, and the drawings fail to tell their story. Rowlandson was clearly pulled in two directions by the claims of the pretty and the comic. Or, rather, he was determined to have the two strings to his bow. Hence when he brings, as in the *Sympathy* of 1784, the conventional beauty, with all his flourish and daintiness of drawing and colour, into a purely unclean and bestial subject, he does not

give point to his joke but merely commits an error of taste. Because of this division of purpose his political caricatures fail in their effect. The earliest of the drawings reproduced in this book, perhaps the earliest of his extant drawings which can be dated with absolute security, is the *School of Eloquence* (Plate 1), from which a rough print was made, no doubt by Rowlandson himself, in 1780. It is frank caricature, but caricature in the grand style, freely and boldly drawn with comic exaggeration of attitude and feature. This is the Italian *caricatura,* known already to Hogarth and his contemporaries, partly through the work of the Caracci, but chiefly from the drawings of, and prints after, Pier Leone Ghezzi, called *Il Cavaliere della Caricatura.* The " macaroni " brought back from the Grand Tour his portrait sketched in this style, and English artists, even Reynolds, painted caricatures of themselves and their fashionable friends at Rome. In this style there is, or should be, no compromise with elegance of subject, whatever opportunities it gave to brilliance of drawing. But even here Rowlandson is much less trenchant than his contemporaries, amateur or professional. In the political caricatures of which the first shower was issued in 1784 with the Westminster election, and in which Rowlandson appears inextricably associated with Gillray, he is still less daring. The hurried original pencil drawings have much more character than the coloured etchings produced from them. But there was no fervour behind the haste and not enough thought and labour to produce the semblance of it. The scenes are only caricatures in subject, which was often, perhaps always, suggested by another person, and depends on the legend for its explanation. The principal personages in Rowlandson, unlike Gillray, scarcely pass beyond the limit of ordinary derivative portraiture. His duchesses are dressed-up dolls, performing, like wooden automata, their ridiculous or discreditable antics ; the politicians rather more respectable in appearance than they were in most of their adventures in real life. As in the serious drawings, only the vulgar supers

are vivid and funny. For this reason, even more than because no effect of composition or lighting ever fuses the groups into telling wholes, these caricatures remain perpetually unpalatable. There is a division of intention. At this date Rowlandson was the wrong man, for all the readiness of his pencil and facility of his ideas, to attempt to make fun of persons with whom he was obviously not familiar and whom he would certainly have preferred to flatter than to caricature.

If there are portraits in the *School of Eloquence* the key is lost. More probably it is a representation, not of typical personages, but of the humours and oddities of fancied individuals. Already Sterne, in adding to the gallery, proclaimed the national pride in its wealth of these possessions and in the success of their treatment in literature. Rowlandson is more himself when he comes to invent and draw such "characters" than he is either with the pretty women or the prominent politician. He is at his very best in such a drawing as the *Antiquaries* (Plate 14). It belongs to a group of which the prints *Convocation* and *Consultation* are dated 1785. Here feature and gait are neatly observed and crisply noted, and only appear to be caricatured because they are ridiculous The quiet natural movement suits his rich and firm outline, the product, no doubt, of careful study with the pencil. A decade later, when he had obtained a stronger grip on his types, he could exaggerate with greater effectiveness, and he produced the series of brilliant, brutal single figures of which the *Butcher* and the *Counsellor* are prominent examples. But for the moment he is still gentle. Even in the print of the *Amputation,* also of 1785, where the characters are grouped into a scene of cruelty, there is so much humour in the characterisation of the doctors and so cunning a play of interlaced line that the horror of the patient's face and the callousness to pain pass almost unnoticed.

Occasionally while he is in this mood he makes the character itself tell the story in the true spirit of comedy. In the *Bookseller and Author* (Plate 8) the mere collocation of the two

carefully imagined personages—even of the third poor scholar piteously absorbed in the background—is effective in its humour, almost Hogarthian in its sublety. It is a remarkably careful drawing, subdued and sustained in its colour, unusually substantial in form and (with a characteristic carelessness of perspective) sensitive in the atmosphere of an interior. Curiously enough the print of 1784 bears the name of Henry Wigstead, who exhibited a drawing under the title of the *Poet and Bookseller* in the same year at the Academy. Several of Rowlandson's more important prints about this date correspond, with similar slight alterations, to the titles of Wigstead's exhibits and they, among others, bear his name, generally without Rowlandson's in early editions. If it were not for other and much feebler productions, obviously quite remote from Rowlandson, it might be possible to give Wigstead the entire credit for these prints and drawings and, recalling the initials "H.W." on two isolated prints of 1774 which are six years earlier than anything else which is attributed to Rowlandson, to regard him as Rowlandson's master in one of the most important phases of his art. But it is more probable that Rowlandson worked up Wigstead's sketches, conceivably for the Academy, certainly for the engraving, and exercised more pains in the execution for the single discriminating patron than for the public. If he did this, he was only going a little farther than did several contemporary landscape draughtsmen for their friends and patrons.

Perhaps the influence of Wigstead was restraining. Rowlandson could not remain contented for long with quiet action and the comedy of character. He prefers to tell his story by means of violent movement and action, in the spirit of boisterous farce or melodrama and after the manner of de Loutherbourg's pictures. The two *Reviews* at Windsor (Plates 17 to 19), which were exhibited at the Academy in 1786, but never engraved, perhaps because they were ordered or bought by the Prince of Wales, are at any rate in size the most considerable of his drawings. The *French Review* is exactly in the

manner of the *Vauxhall*, if the assemblage of portraits or semi-portrait figures is rather more ludicrously drawn and slightly less dignified in attitude, as befits personages from across the Channel. The marching troops and other accessory figures are more frankly ridiculous. In the *English Review* the whole picture is composed of the accessories; the troops are relegated to such a distance that they do not even form a background, and the principal interest is in the mishaps and merriment of a group of bystanders. Here there is real fun in the incongruity of the incidents with the titular event. Elsewhere from as early as the well-known print of the *Place des Victoires*, the drawing for which was exhibited in 1783, the scene is a mere confusion of agitated incidents. Rowlandson is interested in the horseplay, the humour, such as it is, of wigs falling off and skirts tumbling above the knee, and the opening for brilliant drawing given by violence, whether alone or accompanied by a strong taste of the lascivious, the dissipated or the gruesome. It is characteristic of him that the amatory is generally associated with assault. Even where there is no actual violence, agitation proves an easy substitute for character and the groups of bystanders, if not the principal actors, are generally restless and confused. The sharp black contours, even when softened by high and choice colour, do not conform to spatial grouping and have to be reinforced by heavy penwork or emphasised by their own agitation. Rowlandson appears himself to have been conscious of this, and in his most ambitious drawings, the *Countryman and Sharpers* (exhibited in 1787) and the so-called *Faro-table at Devonshire House*, dated 1791, he seems to have seen that drama of character called for a more pictorial treatment. Of the former there is even a version in oil and the unusual inscription on Sherwin's print, "Rowlandson pinxit," suggests that it may have been by his hand. But if he surpassed himself in these drawings (which have now crossed the Atlantic) in the elaboration of character, he seems to have succeeded no better than usual in bringing the figures into a spatial whole,

and he misses the concentration of linear pattern which is given by his strong outline in the print of similar size and subject, *A Kick-up at the Hazard Table,* of 1790.

Considering the amount of sentimental triviality which passed as *genre* in England and France in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, it is surprising that there is little or no direct parody of it in Rowlandson's work. He does not make fun of other people's stock-in-trade; he merely imitates it, or refashions it, in his own manner. Compared with the normal humorous print of the date, his method is the last word of elegance, even refinement; while contrasted with the work of the more elaborate engravers of the period, it is a forcible summarisation of their material and ideas. In a sense it was a cheap substitute, but there were as many people then as now, perhaps more, who appreciated good drawing in itself and could see that a cheapness which was the result of economy was well worth cultivation. Even the modern taste for extreme coarseness in execution, when demanded by the subject, was anticipated by the connoisseurs of his day, as Angelo noted with surprise. A drawing of an overset coach at Windsor, dating from about 1785, bears the inscription, "Original Drawing. C. H. gave Rolandson (*sic*) three guineas for it." This is, for the time, quite a considerable price for a slight drawing. Of course he also sought a wider market, as is shown by the numerous repetitions, but not to anything approaching the same degree as in his later period, when the drawings and repetitions poured forth in floods. For the earlier period, at any rate, it would be an entire mistake to regard him as merely, or even largely, a common popular draughtsman whose merit has been left to the acumen of this generation to discover. On the contrary, his worth was quite apparent both to himself and his contemporaries, and in his many exercises, in print or drawing, in the field of other masters, classic or contemporary, he was neither making fun nor forgery, but setting himself up as their rival as a draughtsman, both in his own way and in theirs.

In landscape Rowlandson could turn out a Gainsborough or a Dutch old master, but in general he is content to emulate, in aim and methods, the less ambitious of the contemporary topographic school. Just as in the figure drawings of the time he surpasses his contemporaries in the vigour and brilliance of his penwork. He has also a choice linear composition, sometimes restful and dignified, occasionally imaginative and somewhat Japanese, as in the *Waterfall* (Plate 21), but often achieved by a series of sheer contortions and disproportions as in the *Woolpack Inn, Hungerford* (Plate 51), which may perhaps be later than the date upon it and, if not, foreshadows the weaknesses of his late landscapes. The figures at this date are not too prominent but are well placed within the scene, the foliage brightly touched-in and freshly coloured. Sometimes even it is characterised, as in the *Sion House Gates* (Plate 15). The faults are those of his figure subjects, absence of any attempt at lighting save for a conventional dark tree or other object in the foreground, and carelessness of spatial and atmospheric depth. At this period, however, the monochrome foundation secures that atmosphere is not entirely lacking and keeps the drawing together.

In his drawings of towns and buildings Rowlandson has more obviously the caricaturist's eye. He outlines the physiognomy of places quickly and keenly, exactly as he noted the oddities of men or animals. He had evidently studied the Flemish and Dutch landscape etchings chiefly of the early seventeenth century, and with the English sketches of tumbledown cottages on one hand and on the other the immense elaborated drawings of foreign views, such as those aquatinted in 1797 by Wright and Schültz, he is a curious link between them and Prout. On his foreign tours, even in the sketches, but more especially in the elaborated drawings, he is so keenly interested in the curiosities of custom and architecture that his hand loses some of its brilliance and for all, perhaps because of all, the heaped up detail, the result is mechanical and flat. The lack of substance and atmosphere is fatal. Even

here, on occasion, as in the *Juliers in Westphalia* of 1791 (Plate 33), where he is working in blues and greys alone and there is no effort after complicated grouping or sensational architecture, he could succeed in giving a simple scene its appropriate space and light. When he joins these qualities, not to the curiosities of native or foreign architecture, but to the broken but restful lines of shipping and water of a river-side or harbour scene, he is at his happiest. In the landing of the French refugees from Toulon at Southampton (Plate 41), the quietness and pathos of the scene, whether he saw it or imagined it, inspired him to an unusual effort of composition, lighting and colour. His minute crowds are always alive and expressive. Here the patience and silence of the refugees as they are landed on the shores of exile in the stillness and among the casual movements of a harbour in calm are admirably blended with the glory of a sunny day. He forgot that the incident took place in the depths of winter; more significant, he even forgot to caricature the Frenchmen.

These are the set pieces of Rowlandson's first period. In addition he was throughout this time and, apparently, from long before it, an indefatigable sketcher. Whether on his numerous excursions into the country or in London he made sheaves of notes which he used, almost directly, for light etchings or for more or less finished drawings varying from single figures to such sustained efforts as the *Horse Fair at Southampton* (Plate 4). One complete series of these sketches still remains, though, unfortunately, like too many of his best works, it has been allowed to cross the Atlantic. Fired, no doubt, by the publication in 1781 of Hogarth's famous tour down the Medway, the coloured plates of which, both figure and landscape, are remarkably close to his manner, Rowlandson made a series of some sixty-eight sketches (Plates 2 and 3) of incidents during a tour with Wigstead to Southampton to see the wreck of the "Royal George," after its capsize in 1782. He drew the most trivial of their adventures before starting and on the road, noted the wayside inns and traffic,

glanced casually at the wreck itself as it protruded from the water, a somewhat sordid and insignificant spectacle, sketched landscape on the mainland and in the Isle of Wight, and so home to Wardour Street. It is characteristic of him that he makes no use of the scene which they set out to visit. I know no drawing of the central incident, popularly though it might perhaps have been dressed up. On the other hand, as in the case of his other excursions, several of the casual incidents are repeated, a few of the wayside sketches were etched and some of the more considerable harbour and landscape subjects recur under the same or other descriptions, until the end of his career.

Such sketches, rather than the more elaborate drawings, show at the best Rowlandson's quickness of vision and sensitiveness in making his material respond to his idea. Of course the term, "sketch from nature," is largely a mere manner of speaking. Even the "Royal George" series, which claims to be a real record, owed ink and colour to a later manipulation and obviously in the principal scenes the artist was otherwise engaged than in sketching. But the landscapes with their minute topographic accuracy, after the general method of the period, are clearly drawn "upon the spot" and can be compared in some cases with the very different compositions founded upon them; while the figure subjects retain the freshness of the original sketch in pencil, unspoilt by the over-emphasis and confusion which result from the half-attempt to fit them into a complete scheme. In his pencil work, whether from nature or memory, Rowlandson drew at one time with the sleekness of Cipriani or the most accomplished of the academics, at another with the vigour of a seventeenth-century Dutchman. The minor figures in the drawings for the Westminster election and studies for some of his etched groups are masterpieces of quick notation. There are boats in pencil or pen which seem to come from the most Rembrandtesque of Vandevelde's sketches. With the fine pen, probably the quill, or the etching needle, his slight

studies are of the greatest delicacy, as in the *Almsgiving* (Plate 30), the numerous small sketches of street or country life which represent admirably the effect of fresh English rusticity on his townbred eyes, or the sheets of picturesque notes published in 1790 and often re-issued. The likeness to Hokusai has been aptly noted by Mr. Mather who had, as it happens, before him a repetition of one of the groups on these sheets. It is perhaps even stronger in the minute groups and crowds, such as the series of scenes at Bath, frequently repeated, twelve of which were etched in 1798 and issued under the title of the *Comforts of Bath*. The example illustrated here (Plate 47) is from a set of nine, carefully preserved from the light since it was bought, no doubt direct from the artist himself, by a well-known contemporary collector, Sir James Lake.

With the thick reed pen, which has come to be, through his later practice, his more familiar weapon, he could sketch with the Venetian shorthand of the *Cock Tavern* (Plate 6), the deliberate assurance of the *Sunday Morning* (Plate 49), or the electric vehemence of the *Prize-Fight* (Plate 26). Too rough and uncouth for the more ambitious social subjects, this bold flowing penwork became the natural method of expression for large caricature figures or for subjects of a horrible or *macabre* nature like the *Death in the Bowl* (Plate 44). The style attains its acme in the fanciful drawing, etched without date but apparently after 1800, as the *Exhibition Stare-Case* (Plate 52). Here, in a rare moment, a wildly exaggerated idea finds immediate and complete expression in masterly drawing and effective design. From the great sweep of the balustrade to the pointing of the roughest finger, all is movement. The labour of the figures crawling up the steps and the painful care of the old man tottering down emphasise the headlong plunging of the few figures—they are only a few but they appear a crowd—falling down. The touches not only give movement but, what is wanting in the elaborate drawings and prints, mass also. There is such life in the drawing that it

even produces an illusion of elegance, and the grossness of the incidents springs inevitably, like the grossness of nature, from the exuberant folly of the scene. In the print, direct as it is and free from elaboration, every articulation of outline and detail means a loss of vigour and spirit. For the true expression of Rowlandson's boisterous nature the first free penmanship is necessary. By comparison, for all their animation, the finished line drawings of the earlier period are hollow, cold and almost formal.

III.

Rowlandson might well have been unconscious that the French Revolution and the Great Wars had brought the grand period to an end in the last decade of the eighteenth century. The Royal Princes and their friends continued unshaken in their habits, and nothing was seriously amiss with the real business of life as he knew it in England—its horse-racing, cock-fighting, drinking, wenching and gaming. But he could not fail to notice that costume and customs were sadly altering, that a fully dressed woman no longer filled the page with her hat and skirt and ribbons, and that the crowd had become a more sober-looking, if no less ridiculous, collection of objects. By 1800 a brother caricaturist could even satirise in his *Birds of a Feather* the identity in costume of pickpockets and their victims. Nor could he be unaware that the fine subject prints, though occasionally revived or reprinted, failed to find a market, and that the purchasers of drawings were no longer content with a tint of colour over ink outline and wash as they had been before 1790.

One result was that for a time his effort became more solemn. His landscapes became fully coloured, even overloaded with tints and, in common with a general movement among his contemporaries, more fluid and softer in the attempt to reproduce atmosphere. Sometimes this effort is joined with a careful and learned composition as in the *Landscape with Bridge* (Plate 55). He elaborated his country scenes after the manner of

Morland, as in the *Mansion Door* (Plate 42), without drollness either in manner or idea, but with the fullness and sobriety of a completed picture. So, too, he presented the dreadful and the heroic in the *Distress* (Plate 45), the elegiac in the manner of Singleton or the pathetic homely. His *Sunday in Camp* in the British Museum outdoes even Westall in its sickly sentiment. No doubt the guiding influence in this direction was that of Ackermann, the publisher, who found that pathos and patriotism were better wares to suit the times than frivolity or satire. At this date, too, he seems to have composed most of the numerous drawings—remotely recalling pictures by old masters—of nude nymphs or goddesses and satyrs in more or less lascivious attitudes against a heavily coloured background. *Apollo and the Muses* (Plate 54) is an unusually ambitious composition of this type and much more lightly touched in than most. But in none of these directions did this effort last for long. He returned quickly enough to the rapid slight production, and the change which marks the transition to his later period is mainly a division between his manners of handling the serious or the serio-comic and the grotesque.

On the one hand his purely social drawings tend to a refinement of line and form which suited better the restraint and elegance of costume than the flourishes of his earlier manner. The tendency is already visible in the *Mother and Child* (Plate 48) or *The Declaration* (Plate 37). It becomes very conscious in the drawing at Windsor, of which there is a print, in facsimile, by Piercy Roberts dated 1800, called *Buck's Beauty and Rowlandson's Connoisseur* (Plate 56). The old beau is in Rowlandson's boldest and fullest manner of sketching, in conception and manner alike a personification of the departed century. The girl is cold, severe and classic; her whole character forbids a suggestion of flourish or even any emphasis of line or touch. So might a Chinese painter have placed on one sheet the correct methods of expression for different types of object. For Rowlandson there was no difficulty whatever in adopting the new manner. He merely

transferred to his social subjects the light handling which he had previously reserved for his dainty notes. It even afforded him a new vehicle for humour. For a moment he became quite subtle under the restraining influence of Empire taste. In the *Love in a Village* (Plate 60) and, more elaborately, in the version of much the same subject which I have called *The Gardener's Offering* (Plate 61), the humour is expressed with a delicacy which recalls Jane Austen instead of Smollett. Such examples are rare. They may easily have escaped identification and I should not be surprised if Ackermann pressed Rowlandson's versatile pen into the service of his fashion plates as he did of his Volunteer uniforms. But the humour which played with the prim formalities of the flower-beds and glasshouses in *The Gardener's Offering* is observable in an occasional landscape, such as the *Hampton Court* (Plate 64), and the fine neat style of drawing appears constantly in small illustrations and, alone or side by side with his broader touch, in innumerable social subjects. Perhaps the last occasion on which he used it for a sustained effort on a large scale was for the fine drawing of a *Fête given by Boodle's Club at Vauxhall in* 1802, recently acquired by Captain Coke from the Crampton collection.

On the other hand, while seriousness became less gay, high spirits became grosser and more coarsely animal. At first, they were by no means banished from decent society, and under the influence of Bunbury and Woodward, whose work he begins to etch with regularity from about the middle of the last decade, Rowlandson developed the increased sense of sheer fun, purely ludicrous caricature and easy exaggeration which can be seen in the *Drawing Room* (Plate 53). Such drawings have an anodyne, almost Thackeray-like humour which is exuberant without being unrestrained. If executed at the same time, they seem poles apart from the manner of the great single figures or the beau in *Buck's Beauty*. When he joined the two styles together, retaining from the latter only their distortion and not their force, and from the former

their freedom but not their lightness, he had fairly set his foot in the morass of hideous caricature from which his reputation is only just emerging. Even in such early and comparatively inoffensive examples as are illustrated here, the line is only forceful from habit and the disposition of the figures on the paper is neither decorative nor telling. Of course they contain passages of excellence. The old landlady in the *Bear and Bear Leader* (Plate 65) is as good a piece of rapid characterisation as occurs anywhere in Rowlandson, and in the *Pastime in Portugal* (Plate 68) "Buck's Beauty" peeps somewhat incongruously from a corner, while the old Beau is coarser but still well drawn. But these are picked examples and, even here, there is no force or meaning of idea or design, later there is not the vigour of draughtsmanship, to redeem them from mere ugly emptiness which is not a whit less vulgar than empty prettiness.

The cheap caricatures are not to be set aside as mere "pot-boilers." They have their roots in Rowlandson's very centre. He had a real taste for the ugly in itself, whether he used it to produce a shudder or a grin. Some of his most finished work from the earlier date is to be found in heads of hideous old men, evidently not drawn from Nature but with every feature of malice, grossness and vice, and every line left by years of evil living dwelt upon, tenderly and without over-emphasis. They are not caricatures, but images or obsessions. He never gave to his portraits or other ideal heads a fraction of the care which he gave to these. Something of the same power, but now with less detail and a more decisive hand, recurs in the brilliant and brutal drawing of *Madame Catalani* (Plate 72), and the same taste gave to many of his drawings and prints of animals, especially monkeys, the wonderful sinuous bestiality of their bodies, while at the end of his life he was busied with parallels between monstrous human heads and those of animals. Curiously enough, his evil heads, rising tier on tier (a traditional type of caricature drawing), sometimes framed themselves into the most decorative drawings of his later

period. Here almost alone in his work he showed feeling not only for a pattern of lines but also for the disposition of masses. Not unnaturally, therefore, when for once he was given a purely decorative problem, as in the series of roundels for a screen, one set of which was said to have been executed for the Prince Regent, he had recourse to this material. In the *Bull-baiting* (Plate 81) from this series not only is there an admirable choice of masses for the frame, but also, more especially in the animals, a vivid and almost monumental concentration of action and character.

In another respect the cheap and ugly caricatures are influential. The exercise given by their speedy and careless production taught Rowlandson to give to the best of his later finished drawings and illustrations more of the freedom and immediacy of his earlier sketches. Until the end of the century, the finished drawings approximated to the character of the elaborated etchings. After 1800 there is, for the most part, no gulf between sketches, drawings and etchings; indeed, the bulk of his later production—the ordinary Rowlandson of commerce—is intermediate in character between sketch and drawing, while the prints and illustrations merely reproduce them. Naturally, he lost much in the process. There is nothing in the later work of the dignity and ornament of the earlier finished drawings, nor did he retain in it the dainty freshness of the lighter sketches. But there is also a gain both in mass and, more especially, in movement. His more ample forms of men and especially women are only the translation into terms of contemporary taste of his earlier tendency to floridity; but the rounded lines are more expressive of mass than his earlier agitation and emphasis, and they flow more easily with the movement of the groups of figures. The spontaneity of the *Exhibition Stare-Case* persists in the spirited lines of the *Round Dance* (Plate 91) or *The Breedwell Family* (Plate 75), and in the expressive tumult of the *Chamber of Genius* (Plate 85). Of course, in these examples the excellence is unusually well sustained. Seldom is the line

throughout so swift and certain, and in most of his drawings, especially where he wishes to effect relief, he breaks up and repeats his line with numerous touches in different coloured inks. But there are few drawings in which there is not some brilliant note of posture or movement, similarly expressed, if only in a subsidiary figure. Indeed, in the best drawings of this type, Rowlandson used a method which he generally only employed—and others could only dare to employ—for subsidiary figures. Unfinished examples show that after a first and very rough outline in pencil, he put in the colours fully, and only at the end dashed in the contour with a pen flowing with vermilion. No doubt in many cases he was so familiar with the figure in the same or a similar attitude that the drawing was almost automatic. In some he may even have had before him another example in which he had attained his end with more signs of labour. The *Chamber of Genius* is exactly in the conception and character of his earlier work, while the *Property Tax* (Plate 70) is a redraft, no doubt occasioned by the idea of the wording on the newspapers, of an earlier drawing, otherwise identical, from which there is a print in the fine style, unfortunately without title or date on the only copy that I have seen. In any case, the magical effect of spontaneity is the effect of a long process of distillation carried over years of constant work.

The importance of this freedom of line can hardly be exaggerated. Upon the degree of its presence, far more than on any quality of idea or character of subject, depends the difference between those drawings of Rowlandson which are, within their limits, real works of art, and those which are nothing more than illustrations of rank or nauseating flavour. Indeed, with no assistance from light and shade, seldom any from composition, it is in the character of the line that the whole humour, or it may be horror, resides. The vivid simple drawing rather than any special choice of forms gives to the Daumier-like *Tables Turned* (Plate 78) the dignity which removes it entirely from its natural level as a " Police News "

illustration. With the slightest stiffening of the line, the humour of the *Round Dance* would degenerate into frozen farce. Rowlandson himself provides a thousand examples of this corruption, whether because the public demanded definiteness in its illustration, or simply because age or the fatigue of repetition, at last wearied out his hand. To compensate, he heaps up his comic accessories, and distorts expression and attitude; but he loses something with every effort. In this way, too, he could spoil even his crowds of little figures. It is possible to compare on one mount at the Victoria and Albert Museum two drawings of Portsmouth with the French prizes being brought in after Lord Howe's victory. Even the earlier (Plate 62) cannot have been drawn upon the spot if Angelo's very explicit account of his meeting with Rowlandson on this occasion is to be credited; but it is as direct as though it had been. In the later (to which Rowlandson has affixed the preposterous date 1780 or 1789) you can watch the fun extending. The man waving his hat, to the left of the drawing, with a woman running towards him has, in the revised version, seized a wig from her head and is brandishing it, in spite of her expostulation; and every figure, even in the distance, is carefully worked up in character. The result is that the real movement and life are lost, and only a mere sparkle remains.

The landscapes in the latter half of Rowlandson's working life are best when they come nearest to being merely accessory to the figures. He soon tired of the ambitious naturalistic efforts of the beginning of the century or found himself, like all his contemporaries of the older generation, far outstripped by the new school of younger men. As a compromise he fell back upon the outline of his earlier sketches but coloured it more gaily, generally avoiding black and grey. Where, as in the *Savoy Ruins,* now on loan at the Tate Gallery, he observed carefully and drew the background for his figures lightly and in monochrome, or where he summarised near village scenes or an expanse of unassuming countryside in

light penwork or faint colour, the modest effort is an entirely successful continuation of his earlier English notes. The fresh colour, so long as it retains the clear variety of a bright autumn day, even adds to the dainty effect; his scenes of crowded houses and winding street are cleverly manipulated and amusing like his masses of men. Nor is there any uniform inferiority to his earlier landscapes of which the later, like the prints, are often repetitions. But, on the whole, the later compromise fails because it is neither painting nor drawing. The colours become a mere formula and an external embellishment, too much for a suggestion, but so little or so careless that they defeat atmosphere instead of creating it. Only once, in the print of the *Bowling Green,* does he make a delightful pattern by means of coloured spots; in the elaborate drawings of London fairs and markets which gave opportunity for this treatment, while the drawing of men and beasts is admirable, the general effect is heavy and uniform. On the other hand his line, whether fat or wiry, though toned to match his washes of colour, is far too heavy for his structures without substance and colour without depth. His composition, when there is any, is purely linear, but not sufficiently bold nor supported by colour to be effective as sheer decoration, while it is only artificially forced upon and often conflicts with the material itself. He is content to heap together charming or amusing detail without regard to space or atmosphere, even for veracity. His figures, however excellent in themselves—and his peasants are generally now merely abstract and conventional—are often disposed carelessly in unbalanced and disproportionate groups, quarrelling both with space and design. In vain he emphasises lines in the foreground, and throws Callot-like figures into dark shadow in the corners; they only produce an artificial illumination and make the scene more stagy. Even when he drew his favourite harbour or riverside, the lines of his ship and docks are no longer choice and careful; there is only a memory of beer-barrel hulks floating with difficulty on the

water, while the water itself mounts heavenward, with the boats upon it colliding at all angles, like a flight of crazy stairs. Of course, many of these drawings are failures left incomplete, others may owe their colour to some later hand; but the truth is that Rowlandson was never a close enough observer of Nature to be able to play with its features from memory as he could with the human figure.

Except, perhaps, for some very slight landscape notes, there is nothing in Rowlandson's later work that looks like a sketch from Nature, but there are masses of inconsiderable drawings, often exquisite in line and characterisation, endless compositions for book illustrations—even, as a volume in Mr. Spencer's possession proves against Grego's surmise, for the woodcut ornaments and tailpieces in the " English Spy " —elaborate studies of expression and feature in man and beast, free notes or close copies from prints and pictures, scenes in historical costume, and even series of outline drawings of antique statues. Many are fully noted in clear fine writing; others have quotations or moral reflections written at the back, and I have seen upon them extracts from the lives of once prominent artists. To the end his industry must have been enormous; the seriousness with which he took himself no less. The drawings are traced, copied, placed in new contexts, reduced, diversified, adapted. His ingenuity in adaptation is as remarkable as his invention. The *Sedan-chair Mishap* (Plate 43), which is closely akin to an obviously early *Collision* which once found a place in the Earl of Warwick's collection, served, years after it was drawn, for an illustration to "Johnny Quægenus," the only difference being that the old lady was replaced by the hero. *The Portrait-Painter's Anteroom* (Plate 79) made another plate to that book, thirteen years after the date it bears, and its groups and setting served indifferently to denote a studio, an auction-room or the Academy. Topographers should note that even in landscape, features could be transferred from one place to another. Mr. Phipson has two drawings of the Nore (one dated 1806) in all respects

identical, line for line, but that in one example the whole of the left-hand landscape is blotted out by a huge " old man-of-war made a breakwater and fitted for shipwrights at Sheerness " for which the pencil drawing, thus described, and evidently much earlier, belongs to Mr. Perrins. Dr. Syntax, himself a stock figure dating from the earliest days, served as an excuse for the re-issue of a hundred aged *motifs*. More illuminating still for Rowlandson's humour is the introduction of another familiar hero, Death, as a Skeleton, in replacement of some more normal figure, or as an addition, in order to give a new character to a familiar scene of gaiety or to point the moral of a scene of debauchery or violence. Thus, the fat woman who had been bundled into the coach by the porter in a hundred drawings (an idea borrowed perhaps from Hogarth) has the service performed for her by Death himself, everything else being unchanged, in the *Last Stage* of the *English Dance of Death*.

Of the sheer repetitions or replicas there is something more to say. From very early days the more important drawings were repeated, even though they had been also engraved. Many of these repetitions are too clumsy in execution to be easily attributed to Rowlandson himself, but sometimes they are actually the better because of the suitability of the manner to the subject. Others are practically in facsimile, and only differ in comparison by some general effect of flatness or lack of life. Probably the copyist or tracer was Rowlandson himself, keeping pace with his orders and using precisely the same methods as resulted in the extraordinary fidelity of his early prints. Or he might have been one or other of the engravers of the circle, practised in the exact reproduction of the most spontaneous drawing by contemporary or old master. Exercise such as this gave Ryland the taste and dexterity which took him to the gallows for the forgery of a bill with its innumerable signatures. That another man should copy so cleverly is even less remarkable than that an artist should repeat his work so closely, and it

makes little difference since Rowlandson passed off the product as his own. Such copies persisted to the end of his life, perhaps even increased as he grew more dependent on the sale of drawings than of prints. Thanks to the collection left by his friend, the antiquary Douce, to Oxford University, we know the name of one of the assistants who helped him in his manufactory. On five subjects from the *Dance of Death* series, four of which are " signed " with Rowlandson's name in full, Douce has written " Copy by Miss Howitt " ! It is not likely that he was mistaken. The lady was no doubt Rowlandson's niece and the daughter of the artist. The drawings (Plate 96) are of a late type, and certainly not the best Rowlandson, but they have passages of excellence which would appear convincing to any but the most prejudiced critic and, where they fail, a thousand parallels might be found in otherwise quite unsuspected drawings.

The proof that Rowlandson was responsible for these repetitions is that he was not content with so laborious or expensive a method as tracing or copying. According to one of the very few well-informed writers upon his work, a contributor W. P. in " Notes and Queries," 1869, he took impressions on damp paper of pen drawings, touched them up with the pen, coloured them and passed them off as originals. He had, of course, to make the first drawing in reverse, but this was merely the everyday task of an engraver. The tale is repeated by Grego but, buried in his untidy book, seems to have passed out of notice. On its face, too, it appears improbable. Of course, Rowlandson took " offsets " of his chalk and pencil sketches—using them regularly in his early caricatures for a further process of tracing with a stylus—but the risk of spoiling the original drawing would appear to be too great, the possible number of impressions too small, to justify the process in the case of pen and ink. Yet the story is true. There are in almost every collection, public and private, well-known drawings in which a soft oily line, with unusual unevennesses and blurs, suggests some such mechanical

origin. There are also drawings in which the ink seems to have been sucked from the centre of the line leaving the edges dark. In the end I have succeeded in bringing together from different sources the right and left-hand version of the same drawing; the one much strengthened with the pen and fully coloured, the other faint in line but also feebly coloured. This colouring justifies Grego's further statement that the original was sometimes put into circulation as the "offset," both for what it might be worth in itself and to give support to any one of the others should it happen to be challenged. That there was intention to deceive is evident, if only because the impressions seem invariably to carry with them, as a convincing mark of their spontaneous conception, much loose and partly followed pencil work, mostly no doubt part of the offset. Sometimes pencil was added as the easiest way of reinforcing weak details. I have seen indications which suggest that Rowlandson approximated to this process at a comparatively early date. He used it for a variety of different purposes, but chiefly for the repetition of the topographical subjects with many figures dating from after 1800 which then, as now, were the most likely to attract more than one purchaser. Probably the ink used was a mixture of vermilion and printer's ink. The deception is difficult to discover because the underlying offset line is not very different from a first soft line which Rowlandson habitually reinforced, at this date and in this type of drawing, with further penwork in various coloured inks.

IV.

Increased by these repetitions, semi-mechanical and otherwise, the mere bulk of his work is Rowlandson's first outstanding feature and the first factor in his reputation. Had his output been monotonous and uniform, he would have gained a position and established his individuality by its quantity alone. Varied as it is—and the repetitions enhance rather than detract from the impression of versatility, by

their wide dissemination of every variety in his work—it gave Rowlandson the position of one of those talented popular caterers who can be relied upon to produce with the regularity of an institution, never departing sufficiently from established character to disturb the continuity of the impression, but constantly surprising by the freshness of their new inventions. The consistency is necessary for the effect of variety, the variety a part of the impression of consistency.

Of course, such work must be superficial. Nowhere, even in his earliest and most careful days, are any of Rowlandson's characters or incidents studied with the depth and insight of his great predecessor, Hogarth. In all his work there is not a scene nor a personage which has found itself a place in the national consciousness, scarcely one which can be singled out by the critic as memorable for any but reasons of virtuosity. Even Doctor Syntax owed such popularity as he obtained to his perpetual iteration; he is more consistent in Rowlandson's etchings than in Combe's interminable text, but his consistency lies in his uniform lack of all character. For the invention of memorable figures greater sympathy is needed than Rowlandson ever possessed. Even for satire and real caricature, a greater heat of detestation or a deeper understanding is wanted than he ever showed. He is perfectly contented with the powers that be, poured out his scurrility on either side as he was paid, smiles at fashion when it knew itself ridiculous, laughs at vice or crime when it is impotent or ugly, but indulges his chief mirth at such safe game as Frenchmen, Dissenters and other accepted butts or even the misery of the rabble. Angelo tells of his glee when, having been robbed and failing to identify his assailant among a group of suspects, he recognised one of them as a man wanted for another crime: "I have been the means of hanging *one* man. Come that's doing something." This is not the spirit in which great art is made, and, with the knowledge of that unfortunate property in the bank, it is no longer possible to say that Rowlandson was too near to crime to sentimentalise

over its causes or too familiar with misery even to regard it with sympathy.

Nor has he any other emotions than the most superficial springs of laughter and horror. His quite genuine liking for daintiness and ugliness gave him in his early days at least an average pleasure in all the conventional subjects, but his habitual inaccuracies betray, especially later, his lack of real interest even in such aspects of life as field sports or games with which he might have been supposed to be familiar. In his indecency, he is utterly without passion, presenting or dragging in the fact, in his earlier and lighter efforts, merely for the sake of producing an effect like that of speaking a naughty word. His later *abscondita* are mere accumulations of pictured filth, incredible elaborations of things chalked by guttersnipes on street walls or worse. As for his tragedy, Angelo again tells, now with surprise and disgust, of Rowlandson refusing, at Southampton, to leave a French prisoner to die among his friends, and insisting upon making a sketch of the last moments of the wretch. Had the artist been another man, Angelo need not have been so much troubled. But without doubt he expected Rowlandson to make of the scene what he and the world would call a caricature. For Rowlandson could never convey expression except through violent movement, ridiculous antics or distortion of feature; in all his many scenes of madness and misery there is never the telling reticence of a whole frame in quiet agony. He had the eyes to see and the hands to represent, had he so wished; but he had himself neither the emotion nor the sympathy with emotion to allow his figures to produce it by quiet means. He could sometimes raise a laugh without forcing his characters into a grimace, but he had always to make them yell if his representations were to excite to horror.

All this is what makes him so good, at times so consummate a draughtsman. He had no insight nor patience to make a picture, and he is careless of light and shade and composition in space, which are the chief visual vehicles of emotion.

Occasionally he suits his gruesome subjects with a crudely lurid colour, but, as a rule, provided that the tints come out of the choicely matched pots, it is indifferent how or where they are disposed. But with his line he could attack and master every problem. Where there was no call for emotion, for the representation of mere movement, daintiness, or oddity, for everything that tickled the eye, he was instantaneous to seize and miraculous in setting down the superficial character expressed by contour. His brain was in his pen. The trouble was that as other draughtsmen allow their sense of decoration or even the calligraphic quality of their line to dominate them, so Rowlandson was mastered by his mere means of expression, and allowed his great powers as a realistic or a fantastic draughtsman, his sense of daintiness and charm which his humour nearly always keeps from cloying, even the humour itself, to be swamped in a mass of coarse and careless facility which is not even caricature because what it overexpresses has no character.

A. P. Oppé.

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PLATE 2. CHAISE AT THE DOOR—TOUR TO THE ROYAL GEORGE, 1782. 5½ × 7⅜ IN.
(In the possession of Charles Sessler, Esq., Philadelphia)

PLATE 3 LYMINGTON—TOUR TO THE ROYAL GEORGE, 1782. 5 × 16 IN.
(In the possession of Charles Sessler, Esq., Philadelphia)

PLATE 4.
HORSE FAIR AT SOUTHAMPTON.
$7\frac{1}{2} \times 15\frac{5}{8}$ IN.
(In the possession of Capt. Desmond Coke)

PLATE 5. VAUXHALL GARDENS. ENGRAVED BY R. POLLARD. AQUATINT BY F. JUKES, 1785: 18¾ × 29¼ IN.
(From a proof in the British Museum)

PLATE 6. COCK TAVERN. PEN AND WASH. 6½ × 9¼ IN.
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PLATE 7. THE ENRAGED HUSBAND. 11⅛ × 14¾ IN.
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(In the Royal Library, Windsor)

PLATE 9. SKATING ON THE SERPENTINE., 1786. 18¾ × 29 IN.
(In the London Museum)

PLATE 10.
SPRING GARDENS.
$13\frac{1}{8} \times 18\frac{5}{8}$ IN.
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PLATE 13. BARCLAY'S WALK. 10¾ × 17¼ IN.
(In the possession of Sidney L. Phipson, Esq.)

PLATE 15. SION HOUSE GATES. 11⅝ × 20 IN.
(In the possession of Sidney L. Phipson, Esq.)

PLATE 16. THE REVIEW
(In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York)

PLATE 17.
THE FRENCH REVIEW. (DETAIL.)
(SEE PLATE 18.)
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PLATE 18. THE FRENCH REVIEW. 19¾ × 35 IN. (SEE PLATE 17.)
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THE ENGLISH REVIEW. (R.A. 1786.)
19¾ × 35 IN.
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PORTRAIT OF A LADY.
$11\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{3}{8}$ IN.
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PLATE 23. BUTCHER'S SHOP. 8 × 11 IN
(In the possession of G. Bellingham Smith, Esq.

PLATE 24. SMOKING A FRENCH BUCK. 1787. $11\frac{7}{16} \times 14\frac{5}{16}$ IN.
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PLATE 25. NEAR CAMELFORD. 11½ × 18¼ IN.
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PLATE 26. PRIZE-FIGHT. PEN AND WASH. 7⅜ × 12¼ IN.
(In the British Museum)

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ALMSGIVING.
$4\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$ IN.
(In the possession of Dyson Perrins, Esq.)

PLATE 31. FILLE DE-CHAMBRE. 6 × 7¾ IN.
(In the possession of Henry Harris, Esq.)

PLATE 32. MR. H. ANGELO'S FENCING ACADEMY. AQUATINTED BY ROSENBERG. 1791. 12⅞ × 19¾ IN.
(From a print in the possession of Messrs. Ellis & Smith)

PLATE 33. VIEW OF THE MARKET PLACE AT JULIERS IN WESTPHALIA. 1791. 12⅛ × 21⅛ IN.
(In the possession of Capt. Desmond Coke)

PLATE 34. TRAVELLING IN HOLLAND. 9¼ × 14½ IN.
(In the possession of Dyson Perrins, Esq.)

PLATE 35.
THE ASSEMBLY ROOM, BATH.
11 × 16⅞ IN.
(In the possession of Sidney L. Phipson, Esq.)

PLATE 36. WOOLWASHERS. $7\frac{3}{8} \times 10\frac{5}{8}$ IN.
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PLATE 37. THE DECLARATION. 7⅜ × 9½ IN.
(In the possession of Sidney L. Phipson, Esq.)

PLATE 38. THE STORM. PEN AND WASH. 4¾ × 8¾ IN.
(In the possession of Henry Harris, Esq.)

PLATE 39. HORSES.
(In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York)

PLATE 40. THE HUNT SUPPER. 8¾ × 12⅛ IN.
(In the possession of Sidney L. Phipson, Esq.)

PLATE 41.
DISEMBARKATION OF THE ROYALISTS OF TOULON AT SOUTHAMPTON, 1794.
$9\frac{1}{4} \times 13\frac{1}{8}$ IN.
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PLATE 43. A SEDAN-CHAIR MISHAP. 4⅛ × 7⅛ IN.
(In the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford)

PLATE 44. DEATH IN THE BOWL. $8\frac{3}{8} \times 10\frac{3}{4}$ IN.
(In the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford)

PLATE 45. DISTRESS. (ENGRAVED.) 12 × 17 IN.
(In the possession of T. Girtin, Esq.)

PLATE 46. TINTERN. 11¼ × 17⅞ IN.
(In the possession of Sidney L. Phipson, Esq.)

PLATE 47. THE PUMP ROOM, BATH. (ENGRAVED 1798.) $4\frac{5}{8} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ IN.
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PLATE 50. THE LIFE-SCHOOL AT THE ACADEMY. (ENGRAVED WITH VARIATIONS 1825). $7\frac{1}{8} \times 11\frac{1}{8}$ IN.
(In the possession of Henry Harris, Esq.)

PLATE 51.
WOOLPACK INN, HUNGERFORD. 1796.
$7\frac{7}{8}$ × 11 IN.
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PLATE 52. THE " EXHIBITION STARE-CASE." (ENGRAVED ABOUT 1800.) $15\frac{3}{4} \times 10\frac{5}{8}$ IN.
(In the possession of Prof. Henry Tonks)

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(In the London Museum)

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(In the possession of Henry Harris, Esq.)

PLATE 55. LANDSCAPE WITH BRIDGE. 11⅞ × 15⅝ IN.
(In the Victoria and Albert Museum)

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PLATE 58. THE SCULPTOR (NOLLEKENS). (ENGRAVED ABOUT 1800.) $11\frac{5}{8} \times 8\frac{7}{8}$ IN.
(In the possession of Dyson Perrins, Esq.)

PLATE 59. BROADWAY. 6¼ × 9 IN.
(In the possession of Sidney L. Phipson, Esq.)

PLATE 60. LOVE IN A VILLAGE. 1800. 8 × 10⅝ IN.
(In the possession of Sidney L. Phipson, Esq.)

PLATE 61.
THE GARDENER'S OFFERING.
11 × 16¾ IN.
(*In the possession of Henry Harris, Esq.*)

PLATE 62. LORD HOWE'S VICTORY. THE FRENCH PRIZES BROUGHT INTO PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR. 9 × 13¾ IN.
(In the Victoria and Albert Museum)

PLATE 63. THE CATS' CONCERT, OR A COUNSELLOR AND HIS CATS. $11\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{3}{8}$ IN.
(In the possession of Henry Harris, Esq.)

PLATE 64. HAMPTON COURT. 11 × 16¾ IN.
(In the possession of Frank H. Becker, Esq.)

PLATE 65. BEAR AND BEAR LEADER. 11 × 8½ IN.
(In the possession of Dyson Perrins, Esq.)

PLATE 66. DOWNLAND. 6¾ × 10¼ IN.
(In the possession of Sidney L. Phipson, Esq.)

PLATE 67. CARDIFF. 10¾ × 17¼ IN.
(In the possession of Sidney L. Phipson, Esq.)

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CUB-HUNTING.
$4\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ IN.
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PLATE 72. MADAME CATALANI'S MOUTH AT FULL STRETCH. 9 × 7¼ IN
(In the possession of Archibald Russell, Esq., Lancaster Herald)

PLATE 73. PRISONERS ON BOARD A MAN O' WAR. 5½ × 8¾ IN.
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(In the possession of Sidney L. Phipson, Esq.)

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(In the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford)

PLATE 77.
GREENWICH.
$9\frac{1}{2} \times 12\frac{1}{4}$ IN.
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PLATE 78. THE TABLES TURNED. (ENGRAVED 1809.) 8⅝ × 10⅞ IN.
(In the possession of Henry Harris, Esq.)

PLATE 79. THE PORTRAIT-PAINTER'S ANTEROOM, 1809. (ENGRAVED FOR 'JOHNNY QUAEGENUS,' 1822.) $4\frac{7}{8} \times 7\frac{3}{8}$ IN.
(In the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford)

PLATE 80. THE WOOLPACK INN. $8\frac{1}{8} \times 12$ IN.
(In the possession of Dyson Perrins, Esq.)

PLATE 81.
BULL-BAITING.
12¾ IN. DIAMETER.
(*In the possession of Archibald Russell, Esq., Lancaster Herald*)

PLATE 82. EWENNY PRIORY, GLAMORGANSHIRE 5¾ × 8⅝ IN.
(In the possession of Mr. W. T. Spencer, 27, New Oxford Street, London)

PLATE 83. GAMING HOUSE. 6¼ × 9¾ IN.
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PLATE 84. CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA. 11 × 11⅝ IN.
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EXECUTION AT NEWGATE
$7\frac{7}{8} \times 11\frac{3}{8}$ IN.
(In the possession of Capt. Desmond Coke)

PLATE 87. RICHMOND TERRACE. 8⅜ × 11¼ IN.
(In the possession of Sidney L. Phipson, Esq.)

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PLATE 89. FAIRLOP FAIR, ESSEX. 1816. 9⅞ × 14¾ IN.
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PLATE 90. CLIFFS. 5¾ × 9¼ IN
(In the possession of Randall Davies, Esq.)

PLATE 91.
ROUND DANCE.
$7\frac{1}{4} \times 12\frac{3}{8}$ IN.
(In the possession of Sidney L. Phipson, Esq.)

PLATE 92. THE 'EXETER FLY' AT HONITON, $11\frac{1}{4} \times 14\frac{3}{8}$ IN.
(In the possession of the Lord Sandys)

PLATE 93. A MEETING OF THE MEMBERS OF THE JOCKEY CLUB AT NEWMARKET. (ENGRAVED 1811.) 8 × 10¾ IN.
(In the possession of Mr. W. T. Spencer, 27, New Oxford Street, London)

PLATE 94. NEW SHOES. 5⅛ × 4⅞ IN.
(In the possession of Randall Davies, Esq.)

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